WEEKLY CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

R. W. THOMAS, Editor.] VIRTUE AND INTELLIGENCE THE MEANS—GOOD GOVERNMENT THE END. [J. A. GRANT, Publisher

VOLUME 8. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1857. NUMBER 18

Business Cards.

JOB WORK!

WE are prepared to execute Job Work of every description, at this Office, with neatness and dispatch—and, therefore, ask a continuance of the custom that we have heretofore received.
January 1st, 1856

J. M. RICE,
Dealer in Staple & Fancy Dry GOODS,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS, & SHOES, CHI-na and Glassware &c., &c.
No. 8 Franklin Row

NEW FALL GOODS.

JOSH M. RICE, has received his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, large cheap and for sale. Call and see.
Sept 14'55-tf

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Quarles & Poindexter.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery, Stewart, Robertson, Dixon & Humphreys counties Tenn., and of Christian county Ky.
Particular attention given to the collection of claims in any part of Middle Tennessee and the adjoining counties of Ky.
april 20, '55—tf

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 1, 1856.

THOMPSON GREENFIELD becomes a partner in our firm from this date.
FELLOWES & CO.

FELLOWES & Co.
Commission Merchan
No. 149 Common st.,
New Orleans.
CORNELIUS FELLOWES,
DANIEL P. LOGAN,
THOMSON GREENFIELD.
sep 8, '56-6m

OLDHAM, PETTUS & CO.,
(Successors to Porter & Smith)
TOBACCO SELLERS,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
TRICE'S LANDING, TENNESSEE.
Sept 14'55—tf

R. O. KEESEE, O. M. BLACKMAN
J. M. YOUNG. W. F. POINDEXTER

Keesee, Blackman & Co.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS,
COMMISSION and FORWARDING
MERCHANTS,
—AND—
Steam Boat Agents.
NEW FIRE PROOF BUILDING,
Fronting the Wharf, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
Dealers in Iron, Nails, Cotton Yarns &c.
Jan 9, '57-tf

S. H. SMITH,
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—AND—
TOBACCO SALESMAN,
Fire Proof Warehouse.
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Sale Days Tuesdays and Thursdays,
Feb. 9, 1855—tf

JOSEPH M. JONES,
TOBACCO SELLER,
Forwarding, Storage and Commission MERCHANT.
Fire-proof Warehouse, Linwood Landing, one mile below Trice's Landing, on Cumberland River.
☞ Sale day every Tuesday. ☜
Sept. 22, 1856-tf

Dr R. D. McCautley,
Late of Louisville, Ky., offers his professional services to the citizens of Clarksville and surrounding country in the various branches of his profession. His office is at the Drug Store of Beverly and McCauley; residence at W. W. Valliant's, opposite the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.
August 22, 1856—tf.

H. S. KIMBLE, Dover Tenn. W. J. BROADDUS Clarksville Tenn.

KIMBLE & BROADDUS,
Attorney's at Law
Office over Hornberger and House
CLARKSVILLE TENNESSEE.
July 11 1856—tf.

Dr. E. R. Dabney,
OFFICE on Strawberry Alley under Chronicle Office. April 4'55—tf.

Bryan & Robinson.
TOBACCO FACTORS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
71 amp Street, New Orleans.
No liabilities incured, except upon produce in hand—please read annexed statement.
NEW ORLEANS, 24th March, 1856

A report having lately been put in circulati in Clarksville, Tennessee, and the vicinity, th BRYAN & ROBINSON, of this city, had faile we the undersigned pronounce it false and without foundation.
LEVY & SUMMERS, JOS. W. ALLEN, HEWITT, NORTON & CO., PERKINS & CO. WILLS, RAWLINS & CO., R. EATMAN, & CO MOORE & VAN CULIN FELLOWES & CO., JAMES TURNER T. GREENFIELD
April, 4'56.

A Superior Seamstress and Cook for SALE.
A very superior Seamstress, Cook, and Laundress for sale, 23 or 23 years old, with no children: Apply to W. O. VANCE
Nov 14, '56-tf

A NEW FIRM.
R. W. HUMPHREYS. R. W. JOHNSON.
Johnson & Humphreys,
Having associated themselves together in the practice of law, are prepared to attend to all business of a legal character in the counties of Robertson, Montgomery, Stewart, Cheatham and Dickson.
☞ Office on Strawberry Alley, Clarksville, Tenn. Jan. 30-1y

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The Clarksville Publishing Company,
Chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee,

POETRY.

WHAT IS A YEAR!

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
O'er life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream;
'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which tireless now, and strong as when
It first at with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel,
Or but a page upon the book
Which time must shortly seal:
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er,
A few more steps, and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From Time's old nostrils blown
As rushing onward o'er the earth,
We hear its weary moan.
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,
Or dew upon the lawn—
As transient as the mist of morn
Beneath the summer's sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft changing scene;
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on,
With hills and valley's green;
Next summers prime succeeds the spring,
The autumn with a tear—
When comes old Winter—death and all
Must find a level here.

Original Nouvellette,

For the Chronicle.

The Bride of an Hour.

By the author of the "Young Colonel," "Lilly Dale," "Refugees," ect.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. George Orme was a choleric old gentleman—a strange compound of prejudice and benevolence. He was a man of wealth and influence, though of a limited education; and having passed the period of early manhood in struggles with poverty, he was necessarily wanting in that grace and refinement, so rarely acquired by one who toils at the plough-tail, in a sparsely settled country. At a later period of his life, however, having acquired a fortune, he purchased a valuable estate in the immediate vicinity of New Orleans, and lived in luxurious ease, with his only child, Fanny, who was as highly accomplished as she was beautiful.

At the date of his introduction to the reader, Mr. Orme sat, without his coat, in the portico of his spacious mansion, reading a newspaper, and occasionally looking over his spectacles, and ripping out something very much like an oath at a parcel of noisy negro children, who were rolling, tumbling and hallooing on the lawn that extended from the building to the river, which constituted a boundary line of his princely estate.

"Good morning, Mr. Orme," said a gentleman, who had approached, unperceived, and stood on the step of the short flight leading up to the portico.

"Morning, Sir!" was the reply of the old gentleman, as he laid the paper on his knees, and lifted his spectacles to the margin of the bald space on the crown of his head. "You have the advantage of me, sir; for I don't remember to have seen you before."

"Jones is my name, Sir—John Jones."

"And where did you come from?"

"Just now, from New Orleans—originally, from Connecticut."

"From Connecticut!" exclaimed Mr. Orme, with visible contempt. "And what have you got—wooden nutmegs or shoepegs?"

"I am not in the peddling line," said Jones, with a smile.

"May be you are an agent of the underground railroad!"

"No, Sir; I am no negro stealer, and claim to be a gentleman."

"Humph! a gentleman, and from Connecticut! You may as well tell me you are a white man, and from Africa."

"I am aware," said Jones, "of your strong prejudice against the North, and regret to say that there is much ground for it; but you have no more right to charge me with abolitionism, than I have to impute to you disunion sentiments."

"Perhaps not, Mr. Jones; but take a seat, and let me hear your business."

Jones seated himself, whilst a smile in the corner of his eye, indicated amusement at the manner of his reception, and a disposition to "poke" fun at his queer host.—He, therefore, assumed a very grave air, as he said:

"I happened to be passing this way, and remembering that it is in my power to save you ten thousand dollars, concluded to call in."

"Save me ten thousand dollars! Impossible, Sir! I haven't half that sum at risk, unless the cholera gets among the negroes."

"You have a daughter, I believe, Sir!"

"And what then?"

"I understand that you have promised to give her fifty thousand dollars on her wedding day."

"And what then?" demanded the old gentleman, in a tone that betokened growing wrath.

"I'll take her, sir, at forty thousand."

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed Mr. Orme, springing from his seat, and glaring at his visitor, as if about to spring upon, and crush him; but restraining his passion, by a strong effort, he said, as mildly as he could—

"If you came here, only to deliver yourself of that price of impertinence, your business is accomplished—and now, sir, depart!" and he pointed the way.

"Don't be angry, Sir!" said Jons pleasantly; "for I meant no offence. Finding you inclined to indulge a joke at my expence, I thought it only fair play to retort, though with borrowed wit. And now for buisness. At the request of your late ward, Charles Winters, I have come to learn whether you will settle the accounts of your guardianship with him, or with me."

"With you, Sir, if you please—I don't want to see the boy again. You were his lawyer, I believe, on his trial for murder!"

"He has had no trial, Mr. Orme; the case was dismissed for want of a prosecutor."

"Yes, I know. My Nephew, George Durand, did not like to appear against him; and I am glad of it, for it would have been painful to me, had he been hung. I used to love him as a son, and how he came to be suspected of crime, is a mystery to me—it was not his education."

"We lawyers, Mr. Orme, never concede that a murder has been committed until the dead body is found; and the testimony of your nephew would have been wholly insufficient to convict Charles Winters.—But the accusation has probably answered ed its purpose, and your nephew is content."

"What purpose do you mean, Sir? My nephew is a gentleman, and must not be spoken of in terms that imply the contrary."

"He is not from Connecticut," said Jones, with a smile. "But as a sensible man, I ask you, sir, why the accusation was made, if feelings of kindness forbade the prosecution? As I said, just now, you have a daughter, and, in that fact, you may find the purpose of which I spoke."

"That fact, let me tell you, furnishes proof of no such purpose as you intimate. George had no occasion to be jealous, because he knows my daughter's hand will never be given to one who has his fortune to make. I know what poverty is, and will never subject my daughter to the chance of its trials."

"That is a strange reason for a man with a large fortune, and only one child."

"Strange, or not, sir, it is none of your business; and if you come as a wooer for yourself, or client, your mission is a foolish one—Fanny is no mate for one suspected of the very blackest crime."

"I come not as a wooer, sir, for myself, or client; but permit me to say that it does not become you thus to speak of one who has been your ward—a member of your family; one, too, who had won universal esteem by his upright deportment, fine talents and fascinating person. He has his fortune to make, and it is ungenerous—nay, cruel, in you to aid in crushing him by encouraging a belief of his guilt."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Jones, that you do not believe him guilty?"

"That is just what I mean to say, Mr. Orme. It is true, Mr. Hodges is missing; it may be true that Winters was the last person seen with him, and it is true, that he is in possession of the watch of his supposed victim. But these things may be accounted for without supposing a murder. Hodges may have had reasons for concealing himself; that he was with Winters on the very eve of his departure, may have been purely accidental, and the watch may have been a parting present—a token of the friendship which certainly existed between the parties. There was no proof to rebut these suppositions, or to show the slightest interruption of their well known intimacy."

"I have no desire" said Mr. Orme, "to throw any obstacles in the young man's way—on the contrary, I heartily wish he may outlive the stigma on his name, and becomse a useful and happy man. But to our business. The accounts, of which you spoke, are already made out, and if you will excuse me a moment, they shall be placed in your hands. Charles can inspect them, and any corrections that may be necessary, shall be made as soon as pointed out. I have charged no commissions, and left out sundry advances, that his little property might not be diminished whilst in my hands."

Just as Mr. Orme entered the house, George Durand appeared in the portico, bearing the outward marks of a genteel rowdy, whose wealth enabled him to associate with gentlemen, and whose vanity made him arrogant and overbearing towards those whom fortune had not favored so liberally. At a little distance, his appearance was prepossessing, but a close scrutiny could not fail to detect evidence of a vicious nature in the expression of his countenance. And rumor said, that though not more than twenty-two years of age, he was old in the practice of vice—gaming and drinking being two of his constant habits.

Such was the character of George Durand, the destined husband of Fanny Orme.—And what did she say to the arrangement? Trained up in the school of obedience, she had never betrayed to her father any disinclination to an union with her cousin; but her heart had its secret—known to only to one, besides herself. Durand loved her, next to his evil habits and her fortune; and was beginning to press his suit, stimulated by the fact that she had many admirers, and some of them decidedly formidable. His vanity made him sanguine—his cousin was silent. But, to return.

"Mr. Jones," said Durand, what does your client propose to do with himself for the future? He ought to go to some distant point, where he is not known, and practice law, for which he is said to be eminently qualified. If he will do so, my purse is open to him, provided he needs assistance."

"I can't say," replied Jones, "what he intends to do; but of one thing you may rest assured—he will never, under any circumstances, avail himself of your assistance. Should he consent to follow my advice, he will stay where he is, and await the course of events, which will, sooner or later, vindicate his innocence, and fasten upon the guilty—not the murder, for none has been committed—but the crime of a malicious accusation."

"That is your opinion," replied Durand, with a troubled air, "but I will thank you not to repeat it in my presence; and if you intend, by it, to convey any censure upon my conduct, quit your insinuations, and speak out like a man."

"You ought to be aware, Mr. Durand, that I am not the man to be intimidated by a drunken bully; and when I speak of a malicious accusation, the expression has direct reference to you—the censure is well deserved, and you feel it to be so."

"You are now in my uncle's house, Mr. Jones, and may say what you please; but remember, there are times and places, when and where, you can claim no such protection as is now afforded by the circumstances which surround you."

"Very prudently said, sir. And since you remind me that this roof protects me from your wrath, I will forbear to provoke it—merely remarking that the times and places, of which speak, are at your option."

"Not quarrelling, I hope, gentlemen!" said Mr. Orme, making his appearance, and looking from one to the other.

"Oh, no!" said the nephew, with an attempt at a sneer. "But I fear, had you not returned so soon, your polite visitor would have extracted from me a confession that I murdered young Hodges."

"Let me hear no more of that affair from you, George!" said his uncle sternly.—"Perhaps no one is guilty; and remember that you were the only witness against Charles; and should Hodges reappear, you will reap a rich harvest of public indignation.—Here Mr. Jones, are those accounts."

Whilst Mr. Orme was delivering the papers, Durand withdrew, in no amiable mood. He knew he had nothing to hope from the lawyer's unyielding firmness, but much to fear from his deep penetration.—He had approached Mr. Jones, with a view to ascertain how far he might be used as a means of removing Winters from that vicinity: but the sternness with which he was repelled, foreclosed all negotiations in that quarter, whilst the offer of his purse had probably suggested a motive other than friendship, for the accused. Smarting under disappointment and insult, Durand mounted his horse and sought comfort in more congenial company; Jones returned to the city, leaving Mr. Orme to enjoy his newspaper, on the spot where he found him.

CHAPTER II.

ON a lovely summer's evening, and in a beautiful grove, through whose leafy boughs the moon was peering, strolled Fanny Orme—her light footsteps scattering the millions of bright dew-gems which diamond-pointed the blades of grass that carpeted the smooth surface over which she trod. Her long, brown hair, escaped from its fastenings, fell in rich masses over her shoulders, and its wavy outlines were distinctly traceable where the moonbeams rested upon it. Care sat upon her pale features, and her languid step and neglected toilet betokened a heart ill at ease. The merry laugh, sparkling eye, and buoyant step which distinguished the Fanny Orme of other days, were hers no longer. Still, she was no less beautiful in her sadness, than when joy sparkled in her bright, blue eyes, and wreathed her lips with smiles. The finer sensibilities of the heart, ever sympathise more warmly, with beauty in the twilight of sorrow, than in the morning of unclouded gladness. And this was made manifest to Fanny, in the tenderer care of paternal love, in the gentler tone of friendship's voice, and in the more delicate attentions of the rival candidates for her heart and hand.

But a few weeks previous to the night, of which we speak, Fanny and Charles Winters had exchanged vows of mutual love; and, happy in the prospect of a bright future, she was as joyous as a girl of sixteen can be, and her glad spirit, diffused itself, like sunshine. But her joy was too soon exchanged for sorrow. Charles was arrested on a charge of murder, and the blow fell heavily, though she, only, knew whence it came. The secret of her heart, she had never disclosed, save to him upon whom its love was lavished, and in the hour of suffering, to no one could she fly for sympathy and consolation. In the solitude of her chamber, or in some quiet nook, secure from prying observation, she held communion with her own thoughts, and wept unseen.

Fanny had just heard of the release of her lover, and although she rejoiced that he was free, and had the fullest confidence in his innocence, she felt that the stain upon his character—however undeserved—interposed a barrier to their union which could only be removed by the reappearance of the supposed victim, or by some other circumstance equally confirmatory of the fact that he was no murderer, in fact, or in intention. Oppressed by the weight upon her heart, she had sought the open air, hoping to breathe freer, and, by motion, to shake off a portion of the unwelcome reflections that crowded upon her mind.

When she had reached the limit of her promenade, furthest from the front of the house, and was turning to retrace her steps Charles Winters stood before her.
Her first impulse was to rush into his arms, and she took a step forward, but as quickly receded, saying—

"Mr. Winters, why are you here?"

"I see, Miss Orme," he said, in a tone of sadnes, "that, from the formality of your address, and the coldness of your tone, you, too, believe me guilty."

"No, no, Charles, Indeed I do not, and you wrong me by the suspicion; but—"

"I see how it is Fanny; you believe me innocent, but suspicion rests upon me—I have been an inmate of the felon's cell, and however wronged, come thence with the stamp of infamy upon my character, and must not hope to be looked upon as other than a guilty exile from the pale of society. This is what you would have said—is it not, Fanny?"

"I know not what I would have said; and only know that I am very unhapy."

And her fast falling tears, and heaving bosom attested the truth of the declaration. He took her unresisting hand in his, and replied:

"Fanny, it is to make you happier, that I am here to-night. Our engagement is, of course, at an end; for I would not fulfil it, even at your request, and link your future with that of one who stands charged with the crime of murder. I know my own innocence, and the author and the motive of the accusation; but this does not change my position before the public, nor make it the less your duty to yourself and friends, to break off all connection with me—even to forget that I was ever more to you than a passing acquaintance."

"Charles, can you teach me to forget?"

"No, Fanny, for it is a lesson I shall never learn. But our positions are widely different. You are blessed with a character unsullied by the breath of slander; you have beauty, fortune, high position, and thus circumstanced, everything conspires to aid you in calmly resigning, and ultimately forgetting one object of affection, when so many sources of happiness are left open to you. With me, the case is different. Poor, friendless, without character, the future gloomy and forbidding, memory is my only source of happiness, and I would not, if I could, forget the hours I've spent with you—as I love you now, I will love you ever;—but—"

"Nay, counsel me not, to forget you, Charles, whilst you vow eternal love for me. I have not now to learn how noble and disinterested are all the impulses of your heart; and you cannot blame me, if, in this case, I prefer your example to your precept. The love I freely gave, you, was unconditional, and to attempt to withdraw it now, when misfortune weighs heavily upon you, would be an act of selfishness for which you could but despise me. Our paths through life, may be far apart; but I cannot forget my solemn promise to tread yours with you; and if forbidden to attend you in person, my love shall be with you, even unto the end. But, dear Charles, let us not despair. The time may be near at hand when your innocence shall be confessed by all; and should it come, I promise, in the sight of Heaven, that this hand shall be yours, no matter how, or by whom, opposed."

"This is a proof of love and constancy, dear Fanny," he said, clasping her in his arms, "which surprises me not, coming from you; but, at the same time, it deeply pains me to reflect that a heart so pure, so true, may suffer long and deeply for my sake."

"And now, that you know my determination, Charles, let us change the subject a little, and speak of your future plans.—Have you determined upon any plan of action?"

"Not yet. I have had no time to think; and as there are many points to be considered, I must, to act wisely, act deliberately. If you will meet me on this spot, and about the same hour, next Tuesday night, you shall be fully informed of my intentions for the future."

To this proposition, Fanny promptly assented, and with hearts full of love, and not devoid of hope, the lovers parted, but not unobserved.

George Durand, after his interview with lawyer Jones, as already mentioned, left his uncle's house, and, joining his vicious companions, had spent the day in dissipation, and returned just in time to witness, from the front door, their very affectionate parting. He was quite drunk, yet sober enough to feel the pangs of jealousy, under the influence of which, he hastened to meet Fanny, in order to demand an explanation of her conduct. She saw that it was too late to attempt to avoid him, and resolved, at once, to fall back upon her reserved rights, and enforce in practice, the doctrine of non-intervention.

"You are out late to-night, cousin Fanny!" Was his salutation.

"Not later than yourself, George, or we should not have met."

"You are a woman, remember, and it is a very unusual thing to see a lady strolling about a grove, and alone, after the other members of the family have retired."

"Have you not often seen me do the same thing, George?"

"Yes; but it is the first time I have seen you meet a man in your nightly rambles, and hold intercourse with him in a manner so familiar and affectionate. If it is no secret, may I not learn the name of that very fortunate individual?"

"First establish your right to control my actions, sir, then, perhaps, I may answer your question; but not until then."

"An answer is not needed, Miss, for I happen to know the scape-gallows, and am utterly astonished that you should consent to speak to him, even in broad daylight; but—"

"George, you shall not speak to me, in that style, of one who is, in everything noble, so vastly your superior. You are grossly impertinent, sir, and I will hear nothing more from you until you are sober, if you ever happen to be in that condition."

"Drunk, or sober, Fanny, I will be heard," he said in a voice of anger. "As a member of your family, I am interested in your conduct, and as your future—"

Her attempt to pass him suddenly, interrupted his speech, and he stepped before her, swearing that she should not quit him until she had received the same tokens of favor she had just bestowed upon another. And to accomplish his threat, he was about to seize her hand, when her faithful Newfoundland, Cato, stepped between them with a growl so threatning, that Durand sprang backward with a cry of alarm.

"Don't bite him, Cato!" she said, laughing, and patting the noble animal's head. "He is not a foeman worthy of your steel; but if he attempts to stop me again, seize and worry him, to your heart's content, but taste not his blood, lest you acquire a relish for strong drink, and become as great a brute as himself."

Thus protected, she entered the house, leaving her discomfitted cousin a prey to anger and jealousy, which he vented by swearing a terrible oath, that, if Fanny would not marry him, she should never be the wife of another.

The next morning, at breakfast, Fanny was not surprised at seeing marks of displeasure on her father's countenance, nor did she tremble when he thus addressed her:

"I heard this morning, Fanny, and with regret, that you had an interview last night, with Charles Winters, and at an unseasonable hour—Is it true?"

"I suppose, sir," was her reply, "that your informant is my amiable cousin.—Did he also inform you that I was indebted to my faithful Cato for protection from the drunken rudeness of a greater brute than himself?"

Durand cowered under her indignant gaze, and Mr. Orme looked at him with no pleasant expression, as he declared he would turn him out of doors if he thought him capable of insulting his daughter.—After a thoughtful pause, he resumed:

"But, Fanny, you have not answered my question!"

"I did see Charles, sir, between the hours of nine and ten, last night."

"By appointment?"

"No, sir! By accident."

"And, if I may be so bold as to ask, for what purpose was he prowling about my premises, at that hour? I hope his visit was not to you!"

"As far as I feel at liberty to answer, father, I will answer truly. That which passed between us, sir, reflects no discredit upon either; but as it was confidential, excuse me for declining to answer, further than to say that his visit was to me."

"Perhaps, from a hint given me this morning, it may be no great mistake to say that love, on his part, was the motive of the visit. Of course, I need not fear that any such feeling prompted you to listen to him; and your good sense will teach you that the interview must not be repeated—Charles Winters is no companion for you; and were his honor unimpeached, you must be aware that I intend to bestow your hand upon another."

"And that other?" she asked, with flashing eyes.

"He sits on your right hand." Was the answer.

"And do you propose to marry me by force, to him?"

"No!"

"Then I will never be the wife of a drunkard and gambler."

"Fanny, do you apply such terms to your cousin, in my presence? Some slanderer has been poisoning your mind against him, and I charge you to put no faith in the falsehood."

"Your easy confidence, father, has made you blind to a fact, known to the whole community. George dare not deny it, for the proof is too easily made; and it is under a full conviction of his unworthiness, that I solemnly protest against any scheme that contemplates the bestowal of my hand upon him—I will never confide my happiness to the keeping of one whom I know to be addicted to the lowest vices."

And she left the room,—her listeners too much astonished at her determined spirit, to think of recalling her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WANTED.—Girls want good husbands, young men want prudent and sweet-tempered wives. Dandies and fashionable ladies, who screw up their waists to resemble a wasp, want common sense.